

INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

No. 277

THRIFT STORIES

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND OTHERS



F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

THRIFT STORIES

*By Benjamin Franklin
and Others*

Including Extracts from
Poor Richard's Almanac



F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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XII Mon. February hath xxviii days.

Man's rich with little, were his Judgment true,
Nature is frugal, and her Wants are few:
Those few Wants answer'd, bring sincere Delights,
But Fools create themselves new Appetites.
Fancy and Pride seek Things at vast Expence,
Which relish not so Reason nor so Sense
Like Cats in Airpumps, to subist we strive
On Joys too thin to keep the Soul alive.

M	W	Remarkable Days, H		D	○ rises	Lunations,	
D.	D	Aspects. Weather w.		D	and sets.	riser & sets	
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4	3	△ h ♀ wind	11	19 6 44 6	D rise, 42 mo		
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6	5	perhaps some	12	28 6 42 6	h rise 9 1		
7	6	rain & D ♀	1	26 6 40 6	○ in ♋		
8	7		2	24 6 39 6	Q rise 5 32		
9	E	Shrove Sunday..	3	X 6 38 6	New D 9 day.		
10	2	♀ rises 1 38	3h	18 6 37 6	at 3 morn.		
11	3	Shrove Tuesday	4	17 6 35 6	D with ♀ & ♀.		
12	4	Wh-Wednesday	5	12 6 34 6	D sets 8 56 af.		
13	5	* ♐ ♀ △ h ♀	5h	23 6 33 6	Health, is a		
14	6	Valentine..	6	8 6 32 6	Man's best		
15	7	D near 7*	7	17 6 30 6	Wealth.		
16	E	1 Sund in Lent	8	29 6 29 6	δ sets 7 18		
17	2	clouds with	9	11 6 28 6	First Quarter..		
18	3	wind and	10	25 6 26 6	Sirias 10 7 43		
19	4	Ember Week.	10	25 6 25 6	7* set 12 0		
20	5	□ ○ ♐ rain	11	21 6 23 6	D sets 4 2 mo		
21	6	or snow.	12	11 6 22 6	h rises 8 11		
22	7	then change-	1	18 6 20 6	A quarrelsome		
22	E	2 Sund. in Lent.	2	17 6 19 6	Man has no good		
24	2	St. Matthias.	3	18 6 18 6	Full ○ 24 day,		
25	3	Urise 12 52.	3h	16 6 17 6	10 morn.		
26	4	able even to the	4	18 6 15 6	D with h		
27	5	* h ♐ very	5	11 6 14 6	D rise 9 53 atc		
28	6	□ ♐ ♀ end.	6	17 6 13 6	Neighbours.		

Thrift Stories

[*Of the contents of this book, "Poor Richard's Almanac," "The Whistle," "Advice to a Young Tradesman," "Necessary Hints to Those that would be Rich," and "Letter to Samuel Mather," were written by Benjamin Franklin.*]

Poor Richard's Almanac

In Franklin's lifetime few people read newspapers, and few also, except the clergy, read books; but the almanac hung by every fireplace. Besides the monthly calendar, the signs of the Zodiac and movements of the heavenly bodies, the almanac contained a general weather forecast for the year, anecdotes, jokes, scraps of information, and bits of literature. The almanac was read and re-read, thumbed and dog-eared, and regarded as an authority. Beginning in 1732, under the pretense that it was written by one Richard Saunders, Franklin published such an almanac for twenty-five years. Franklin says of it: "I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue. The proverbs, which contain the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent, reprinted in Britain, two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by

the clergy and gentry, to distribute *gratis* among their poor parishioners and tenants."

In the almanac Franklin introduced his proverbs by the phrase "Poor Richard says," as if he were quoting from Richard Saunders. The almanac therefore became known as "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Franklin's example was followed by other writers, Noah Webster, author of Webster's dictionary, being one; and the modern "Old Farmer's Almanac" shows the effect of Franklin's style. It will be remembered that John Paul Jones's ship, given by the King of France, was called the "Bon Homme Richard," which was intended for "Goodman Richard," or "Poor Richard," out of compliment to Franklin, who was highly esteemed at the French court.

Courteous Reader:—

I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author of Almanacs annually, now for a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been sparing in their applause; and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length, that the people were the best judges of my merit; for they buy my works; and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with "as Poor Richard says" at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed, not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own, that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'A word to the wise is enough,' and 'Many words won't fill a bushel,' as Poor Richard says." They all joined, desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

"Friends," says he, "and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says in his Almanac of 1733.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life.

‘Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright,’ as Poor Richard says. ‘But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that’s the stuff life is made of,’ as Poor Richard says.

“How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting, that ‘the sleeping fox catches no poultry,’ and that ‘there will be sleeping enough in the grave,’ as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, ‘wasting of time must be,’ as Poor Richard says, ‘the greatest prodigality;’ since, as he elsewhere tells us, ‘lost time is never found again;’ and what we call ‘time enough! always proves little enough.’ Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so, by diligence, shall we do more with less perplexity. ‘Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy,’ as Poor Richard says; and ‘He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him,’ as we read in Poor Richard; who adds, ‘Drive thy business! let not that drive thee!’ and—

“‘Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.’

“So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. ‘Industry need not wish,’ as Poor Richard says, and ‘He that lives on hope will die fasting.’ ‘There are no gains without pains; then help, hands! for I have no lands;’ or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. And, as Poor Richard likewise observes, ‘He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor;’ but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, as

Poor Richard says, 'At the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.'

"What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'Diligence is the mother of good luck,' as Poor Richard says, and 'God gives all things to industry.'

"Then plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.'

says Poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows;' and farther, 'Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day!'

"If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? 'Be ashamed to catch yourself idle,' as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day! 'Let not the sun look down and say, "Inglorious here he lies!"' Handle your tools without mittens! remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice!' as Poor Richard says.

"'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for 'Constant dropping wears away stones;' and 'By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;' and 'Little strokes fell great oaks;' as Poor Richard says in his Almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says, 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure;' and 'Since thou art not sure of a

minute, throw not away an hour!' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.' Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No! for, as Poor Richard says, 'Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease.' 'Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they'll break for want of stock [i. e. capital];' whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they'll follow you.' 'The diligent spinner has a large shift;' and—

“Now I have a sheep and a cow,
Everybody bids me good Morrow.”

“All which is well said by Poor Richard. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says—

“I never saw an oft-removed tree
Nor yet an oft-removed family
That thrrove so well as those that settled be.”

“And again, ‘Three removes are as bad as a fire;’ and again, ‘Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;’ and again, ‘If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.’ And again—

“He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.”

“And again, ‘The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands;’ and again, ‘Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;’ and again, ‘Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.’

“Trusting too much to others’ care is the ruin of many; for, as the Almanac says, ‘In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of

it;’ but a man’s own care is profitable; for saith Poor Dick, ‘Learning is to the studious, and Riches to the careful;’ as well as, ‘Power to the bold,’ and ‘Heaven to the virtuous.’ And further, ‘If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.’

“And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters; because sometimes, ‘A little neglect may breed great mischief;’ adding, ‘for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost;’ being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail!

“So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one’s own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. ‘A man may,’ if he knows not how to save as he gets, ‘keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last.’ ‘A fat kitchen makes a lean will,’ as Poor Richard says; and—

“ ‘Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea¹ forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.’

If you would be wealthy, says he in another Almanac, ‘Think of saving as well as of getting.’ ‘The Indies have not made Spain rich; because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.’

“Away then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for as Poor Dick says—

“ ‘Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the wants great.’

And farther, ‘What maintains one vice would bring up two children.’ You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then; a diet a little more

1. Tea at this time was a costly drink, and was regarded as a luxury.

costly; clothes a little finer; and a little more entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what Poor Richard says, 'Many a little makes a mickle,' and further, 'Beware of little expenses,' 'A small leak will sink a great ship;' and again—

“‘Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;’

and moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

“Here are you all got together at this vendue of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.'

“Again, Poor Richard says, 'Tis foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practised every day at vendues for want of minding the Almanac.

“‘Wise men,’ as Poor Richard says, ‘learn by others’ harms; Fools, scarcely by their own;’ but ‘*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*’¹ ‘Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families. ‘Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets,’ as Poor Richard says, ‘put out the kitchen fire.’ These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet,

1. He is fortunate who is made prudent by other men’s perils.

only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and, as Poor Dick says, 'For one poor person there are a hundred indigent.'

"By these, and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that 'A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, ' 'Tis day, and will never be night;' that 'a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding;' ('A child and a fool,' as Poor Richard says, 'imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent,'), but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom.' Then, as Poor Dick says, 'When the well's dry, they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some;' for 'He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing,' and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again.

"Poor Dick further advises, and says—

" 'Fond pride of dress is, sure, a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, 'Tis easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.' And 'tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

“ ‘Great estates may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.’

“ ‘Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for, ‘Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt,’ as Poor Richard says. And in another place, ‘Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.’

“ And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

“ ‘What is a butterfly? At best
He’s but a caterpillar drest;
The gaudy fop’s his picture just,’

as poor Richard says.

“ But what madness must it be to run into debt for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this vendue, six months’ credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt: ‘You give to another power over your liberty.’ If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, ‘The second vice is lying, the first is running into debt;’ and again, to the same purpose, ‘lying rides upon debt’s back;’ whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. ‘ ‘Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright!’ as Poor Richard truly says.

“ What would you think of that prince, or the govern-

ment, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail for life, or to sell you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him.¹ When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but 'Creditors (Poor Richard tells us) have better memories than debtors;' and in another place says, 'Creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent,' saith Poor Richard, 'who owe money to be paid at Easter.' Then since, as he says, 'The borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor,' disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency. Be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but—

" 'For age and want, save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

"As Poor Richard says, gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expense is constant

1. At the time when this was written, and for many years afterward, the laws against bankrupts and poor debtors were extremely severe.

and certain; and ' 'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says; so, 'Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

" 'Get what you can, and what you get hold;

'T is the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'¹

as Poor Richard says; and, when you have got the Philosopher's stone, sure, you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that;' for it is true, 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct,' as Poor Richard says. However, remember this, 'They that won't be counselled, can't be helped,' as Poor Richard says; and further, that, 'If you will not hear reason she'll surely rap your knuckles.' "

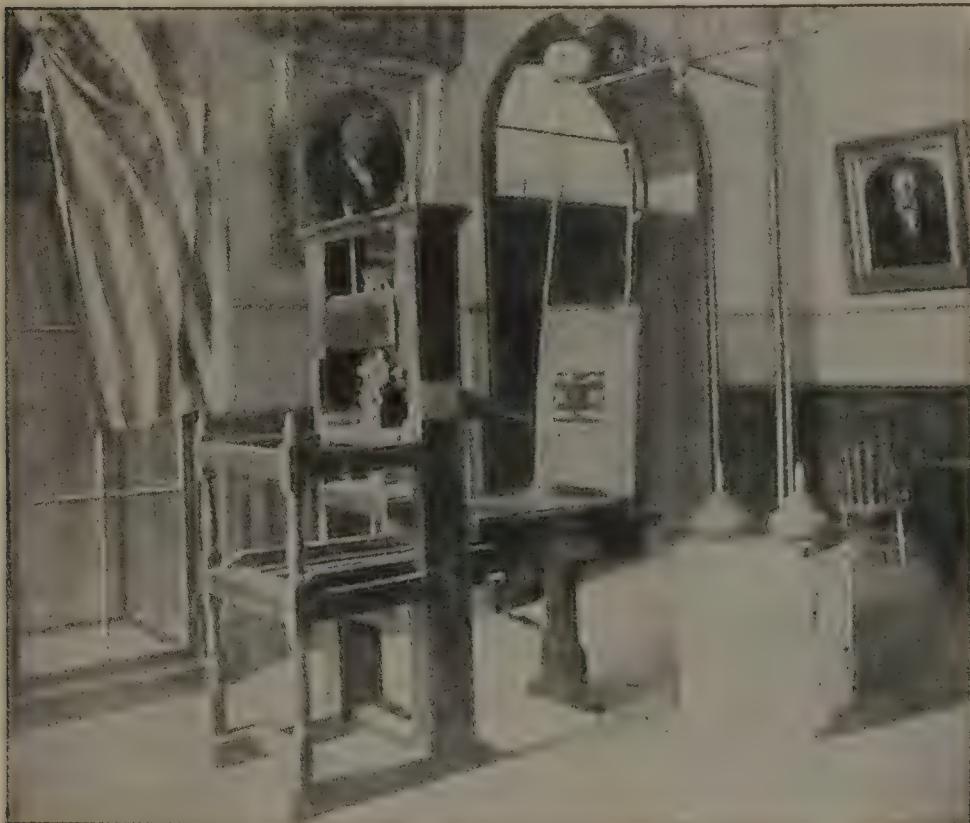
Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon. For the vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions, and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of five-and-twenty years. The frequent mention

1. In the Middle Ages the Philosopher's Stone, as it was called, was much talked of and searched for. It was supposed to have the power of turning baser metals into gold.

he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

Richard Saunders.

July 7, 1757.



Franklin's Printing Press. Now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

The Whistle

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle:" and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious to court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up any kind of a com-

fortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you pay too much for your whistle."

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, "Alas!" say I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, "What a pity," say I, "that she should pay so much for a whistle!"

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Advice to a Young Tradesman

To my Friend, A. B.:—

As you have desired it of me, I write the following hints, which have been of service to me, and may, if observed, be so to you.

Remember, that time is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labor, and goes abroad, or

sits idle, one half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember, that credit is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum where a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember, that money is of the prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again it is seven and threepence, and so on till it becomes an hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown, destroys all that might have produced even scores of pounds.

Remember, that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum (which may be daily wasted either in time or expense unperceived) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of an hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying, “The good paymaster is lord of another man’s purse.” He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you

promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but, if he sees you at a billiard-table or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it, before he can receive it, in a lump.

It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect: you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted), will certainly become rich, if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in His wise providence, otherwise determine.

An Old Tradesman.

Necessary Hints to Those That Would Be Rich

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

For six pounds a year you may have the use of one hundred pounds, provided you are a man of known prudence and honesty.

He that spends a groat a day idly, spends idly above six pounds a year, which is the price for the use of one hundred pounds.

He that wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day with another, wastes the privilege of using one hundred pounds each day.

He that idly loses five shillings' worth of time, loses five shillings, and might as prudently throw five shillings into the sea.

He that loses five shillings, not only loses that sum, but all the advantage that might be made by turning it in dealing, which, by the time that a young man becomes old, will amount to a considerable sum of money.

Again: he that sells upon credit, asks a price for what he sells equivalent to the principal and interest of his money for the time he is to be kept out of it; therefore, he that buys upon credit pays interest for what he buys, and he that pays ready money might let that money out to use; so that he that possesses anything he has bought, pays interest for the use of it.

Yet, in buying goods, it is best to pay ready money, because he that sells upon credit expects to lose five per cent by bad debts; therefore he charges, on all he sells upon credit, an advance that shall make up that deficiency.

Those who pay for what they buy upon credit, pay their share of this advance. He that pays ready money escapes, or may escape, that charge.

*“A penny saved is two pence clear;
A pin a day's a groat a year.”*

Letter to Samuel Mather

PASSY, MAY 12, 1784.

I received your kind letter, with your excellent advice to the people of the United States, which I read with great pleasure, and hope it will be duly regarded. Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet, if they make a deep impression on one active mind in a hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance, which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled "Essays to do Good," which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life, for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.

You mention your being in your seventy-eighth year. I am in my seventy-ninth year; we are growing old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston, but I remember well both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit, and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library, and on my taking leave showed me a shorter way out of the house through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily,

“Stoop, stoop!” I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never missed any occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, “You are young, and have the world before you; *stoop* as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.” This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high.

The Importance of Little Things

Neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split. Human life consists of a succession of small events, each of which is comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man depend upon the manner in which these small events are dealt with.

Character is built up on little things—little things well and honorably transacted. The success of a man in business depends on his attention to little things. The comfort of a household is the result of small things well arranged and duly provided for.

Accumulation of knowledge and experience of the most valuable kind are the result of little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up. Those who learn nothing or accumulate nothing in life are set down as failures—because they have neglected little things. They may themselves consider that the world has gone against them; but, in fact, they have been their own enemies.

There has long been a popular belief in “good luck;”

but, like many other popular notions, it is gradually giving way. The idea is spreading that diligence is the mother of good luck; in other words, that a man's success in life will be in proportion to his efforts, to his industry, to his attention to small things. Your negligent, shiftless, loose fellows never meet with luck, because the results of industry are denied to those who will not use the proper efforts to secure them.

It is not luck, but labor, that makes men. Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; Labor, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy; Labor turns out at six, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a fortune. Luck whines; Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; Labor on character. Luck slips downward to self-indulgence; Labor strides upward and aspires to independence.

A pin is a very little thing in an article of dress, but the way in which it is put into the dress often reveals to you the character of the wearer. A shrewd fellow was once looking for a wife, and was on a visit to a family of daughters with this object. The fair one, of whom he was somewhat enamored, one day entered the room in which he was seated, with her dress partially unpinned and her hair untidy; he never went back. You may say such a fellow was "not worth a pin;" but he was really a shrewd fellow, and afterward made a good husband. He judged of women as of men—by little things; and he was right.

Neglect of the little things has ruined many fortunes and marred the best of enterprises. The ship which bore home the merchant's treasure was lost, because it was allowed to leave the port from which it sailed with a very little hole in the bottom. For want of a nail,

the shoe of the aid-de-camp's horse was lost; for want of the shoe, the horse was lost; for want of the horse, the aid-de-camp himself was lost, for the enemy took him and killed him; and for want of the aid-de-camp's intelligence, the army of his general was lost; and all because a little nail had not been properly fixed in a horse's shoe.

"It will do!" is the common phrase of those who neglect little things. "It will do!" has blighted many a character, blasted many a fortune, sunk many a ship, burned down many a house, and ruined thousands of hopeful projects of human good. It always means stopping short of the right thing. It is a makeshift. It is failure and defeat. Not what "will do," but what is the best possible thing to do, is the point to be aimed at. Let a man once adopt the maxim of "it will do," and he is given over to the enemy—he is on the side of incompetency and defeat—and we give him up as a hopeless case.

Say, the French political economist, has given the following illustration of the neglect of little things:—

"Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate, inclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch. The expenditure of a penny or two and a few minutes' time would have made all right. It was on the swing every time a person went out, and as it was not in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost.

"One day a fine porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook, and milkmaid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, got a sprain that kept him to his bed for a fortnight. The cook, on her return to the farm-

house, found the linen burned that she had hung up before the fire to dry, and the milkmaid having forgotten in her haste to tie the cattle in the cow house, one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt that happened to be kept in the same shed.

“The linen burned and the gardener’s work lost were worth full five pounds, and the colt worth nearly double that money, so that here was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch which might have been supplied for a few half pence.”

Life is full of illustrations of a similar kind. When small things are habitually neglected, ruin is not far off. It is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich, and the diligent man or woman is attentive to small things as well as great. The things may appear very little and insignificant, yet attention to them is as necessary as to matters of greater moment.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

Hidden Treasure

Once upon a time there was an old farmer that had heard or read about treasures being found in odd places,—a potful of gold pieces, or something of the sort,—and it took root in his heart till nothing would satisfy him but he must find a potful of gold pieces, too. He spent all of his time hunting in this place and in that for buried treasures. He poked about all the old ruins in the neighborhood, and even wished to take up the floor of the church.

One morning he arose with a bright face and said to his wife, “It’s all right, Mary. I’ve found the treasure.”

“No! Have you though?” said she.

“Yes!” he answered; “at least it’s as good as found.

It's only waiting till I've had my breakfast, and then I'll go out and fetch it in."

"Oh, John! How did you find it?"

"It was revealed to me in a dream," said he, as grave as a judge.

"Oh! and where is it?"

"Under a tree in our orchard—no farther than that."

"Oh, how long you are at your breakfast, John! Let's hurry out and get it."

They went out together into the orchard.

"Now which tree is it under?" asked the wife.

John scratched his head and looked very sheepish. "I'm blessed if I know!"

"Oh, you foolish fellow!" said the wife. "Why didn't you take the trouble to notice?"

"I did notice," said he. "I saw the exact tree in my dream, but now, there's so many of them, they muddle it all."

"Well, I think you're stupid," said the wife, angrily. "You ought to have cut a nick in the right one while you were there."

"That may be," answered John; "but now I see that I'll have to begin with the first tree and keep on digging till I come to the one with the treasure under it."

This made the wife lose all hope; for there were eighty apple trees and a score of cherry trees. She heaved a sigh, and said: "Well, I guess if you must, you must. But mind you don't cut any of the roots."

John was in no good humor. He abused the trees with all the bad words he could think of.

"What difference does it make if I cut all the roots? The old fagots aren't worth a penny apiece. The whole lot of them don't bear a bushel of good apples. In father's time they used to bear wagonloads of choice fruit. I wish they were every one dead!"

“Well, John,” said the woman, trying to soothe his anger, “you know that father always gave them a good deal of attention.”

“Attention? Nonsense!” he answered spitefully. “They don’t need attention. They’ve got old, like ourselves. They’re good for nothing but firewood.”

Then, muttering to himself, he brought out pickax and spade, and began his work. He dug three feet deep all around the first tree, and finding nothing but earth and stones, went on to the next. He heaped up a mound half as high as his head—but no pot of gold did he strike.

He had dug round three or four trees before his neighbors began to notice him. Then their curiosity was awakened, and each one told another about his queer actions. After that there was scarcely an hour in the day that seven or eight were not sitting on the fence and passing sly jokes. Then it became the fashion for the boys to fling a stone or two or a clod of dry earth at John while he was busiest at work.

To defend himself, John brought out his gun, loaded with fine shot, and the next time a stone was thrown he fired sharp in the direction it came from, and loaded again. The boys took the hint, and John dug on in peace till about the fourth Sunday, when the parson saw fit to allude to him in church. “People ought not to heap up to themselves treasures on earth,” he said.

But it seemed that John was only heaping up dirt; for when he had dug the fivescore holes, no pot of gold came to light. Then the neighbors called the orchard Jacobs’s folly; his name was Jacobs—John Jacobs.

“Now then, Mary,” said he, “you and I will have to find some other village to live in, for the jokes and gibes of these people are more than I can bear.”

Mary began to cry.

“Oh, John, we have been here so long!” she said.

“You brought me here when we were first married. I was just a lass then, and you were the smartest young man I ever saw—at least I thought so. Oh, I can never sleep or eat my victuals in any house but this.”

“Well, Mary,” answered John, “I guess we’ll try to stay. Perhaps it will all blow over some time.”

“Yes, John, it will be like everything else by and by. But if I were you, I’d fill those holes. The people come from far and wide on Sundays to see them.”

“Mary, I haven’t the heart to do that,” said the disappointed man. “You see, when I was digging for treasure I felt sure I was going to find it, and that kept my heart up. But, take a shovel and fill all those holes? I’d rather do without eggs every Sunday.”

So for six months the heaps of earth stood in the heat and the frost. Then in the spring the old man took heart, and filled the holes, smoothing the ground until it was as level as before. And soon everybody forgot “Jacobs’s folly” because it was out of sight.

The month of April was warm, and out burst the trees. “Mary,” said John, “the bloom is richer than I’ve seen it for many a year; it’s a good deal richer than in any of our neighbors’ orchards.”

The bloom died, and then out came a million little green things, quite hard. Summer passed. Autumn followed, and the old trees were staggering under their weight of fine fruit.

The trees were old and needed attention. John’s letting in the air to them and turning the soil up to the frost and sun had renewed their youth. And so, in that way, he learned that tillage is the way to get treasure from the earth.

Men are ungrateful at times, but the soil is never ungrateful; it always makes a return for the care that is given it.

—Charles Reade.

The Bread That Was Cast upon the Waters

The snow lay deep in the streets, and it was as cold as only mid-January can be, when a boy about fourteen years old approached a man who was standing on a corner, waiting for a car, and asked him for a nickel. The man looked at the boy keenly, and saw that his clothes, although poor, were neat, and that he had an honest face.

“What would you do with the nickel?” he inquired.

“I would buy some papers and start in business,” was the reply.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t spend it foolishly?”

“Sure, mister. I want to earn some money. I only want to borrow the nickel. I’ll give it back to you tomorrow afternoon at five o’clock.”

“Well, here’s the nickel,” and the man put the coin in the boy’s outstretched hand. “Now, remember, I’m merely lending you five cents, and I trust you to return it as you promised.”

“That’s all right, sir,” cried the boy, as he hurried away. “I’ll be here with the money just as I told you.”

The man kept the appointment, but he was twelve minutes late. The boy was there waiting for him, and he had the nickel, which he returned with some very earnest expressions of gratitude.

“It helped me to earn sixty-five cents,” he said.

“What did you do with it?” the man inquired.

“I gave fifty cents to mother, kept ten for my papers to-day, and gave five to you.” And the youngster was again away to resume business.

That was fifteen years ago. The boy has become a man. He is married, and has an excellent position in the electrical department of a great manufactory. But rheumatism has forced his friend, who was a carpenter, to abandon his trade. He has been idle nearly three

years. His savings were soon exhausted, although his habits are good, and he is a bachelor. But some one paid more than one hundred and fifty dollars for medical attendance, and has been paying for his board, at the rate of six dollars a week, for more than a year.

It was a small thing that the carpenter did—but a good many men would not have done it. And the boy, as it happened, was not only honest, but grateful.

—*Anonymous.*

An Eye for Business

Other things being equal, the boy who keeps his eyes open and takes note of the things they fall upon, is more apt to get ahead in the world than the boy who takes everything for granted. There is probably, therefore, a good place waiting somewhere for the youngster who recently came under the notice of Mr. Beer, the librarian of New Orleans.

Opposite the public library in that city is a drug store, in the window of which hung for some time one of those "gift clocks" which advertise somebody's medicine with the same letters with which they tell the time. Like many another gift clock, it was a poor timekeeper. Mr. Beer, who was accustomed to note the hour each morning as he passed toward the library, took account of its failing. One morning when he came down to work he was surprised—and pleased—to find a fine new clock hanging in the gift clock's place on the wall.

"I see you have a new clock!" he called to the druggist. "It's a good move."

"It's a boy's fault, though," said the druggist. "That

old clock had to go every little while to be repaired. One morning I was standing here when in walked a boy about twelve years old.

“‘I’ve come for your clock,’ he said. ‘I’m the clock-mender’s boy.’

“‘I didn’t send for you,’ said I.

“‘No, but your clock did,’ he said. ‘I saw it from the street car. It’s an hour and a quarter slow. Don’t you think that’s poor business? People see the clock is wrong, and they think that if you are careless about that you may be about other things; so they wonder if you are that far wrong in everything. Besides, it’s a poor “ad” for that medicine.’

“That sounded reasonable to me, and as the clock needed repairs, I gave it to him to take to the shop. He brought it back, and it ran all right for four weeks—as long as it ever did. Then it went wrong again. In a day or two in came the boy.

“‘Now see here,’ he said. ‘I don’t want to carry that clock back again. I want to sell you a new clock.’

“‘I don’t need one,’ I said.

“‘Why, we have had that clock in our shop four times in the last four months. It has cost you one dollar each time. It’s a poor clock. It will never be any better. Inside of a year it will cost you at least twelve dollars for repairs.

“‘We’re making a specialty of a big clock for store-keepers just now at ten dollars. We warrant it and take care of it for two years. You will make money by throwing this one away and buying it. Besides, it doesn’t look right to have an advertising clock in your window. It makes your store look as if you had to use furniture that is donated—as if you didn’t make enough to buy things for yourself.’

“He chattered along quite a while about it, and the

upshot of it was I let him take me down and show me the new clock. He had the figures all straight, and it was a good clock and would save money. So there it is. He thinks I ought to have a new sign made: 'Everything in this shop is as right as this clock.' He wants me to hang it under the timekeeper."

"I shall keep my eye on that boy," said Mr. Beer.
"I wish we had a cityful just like him."

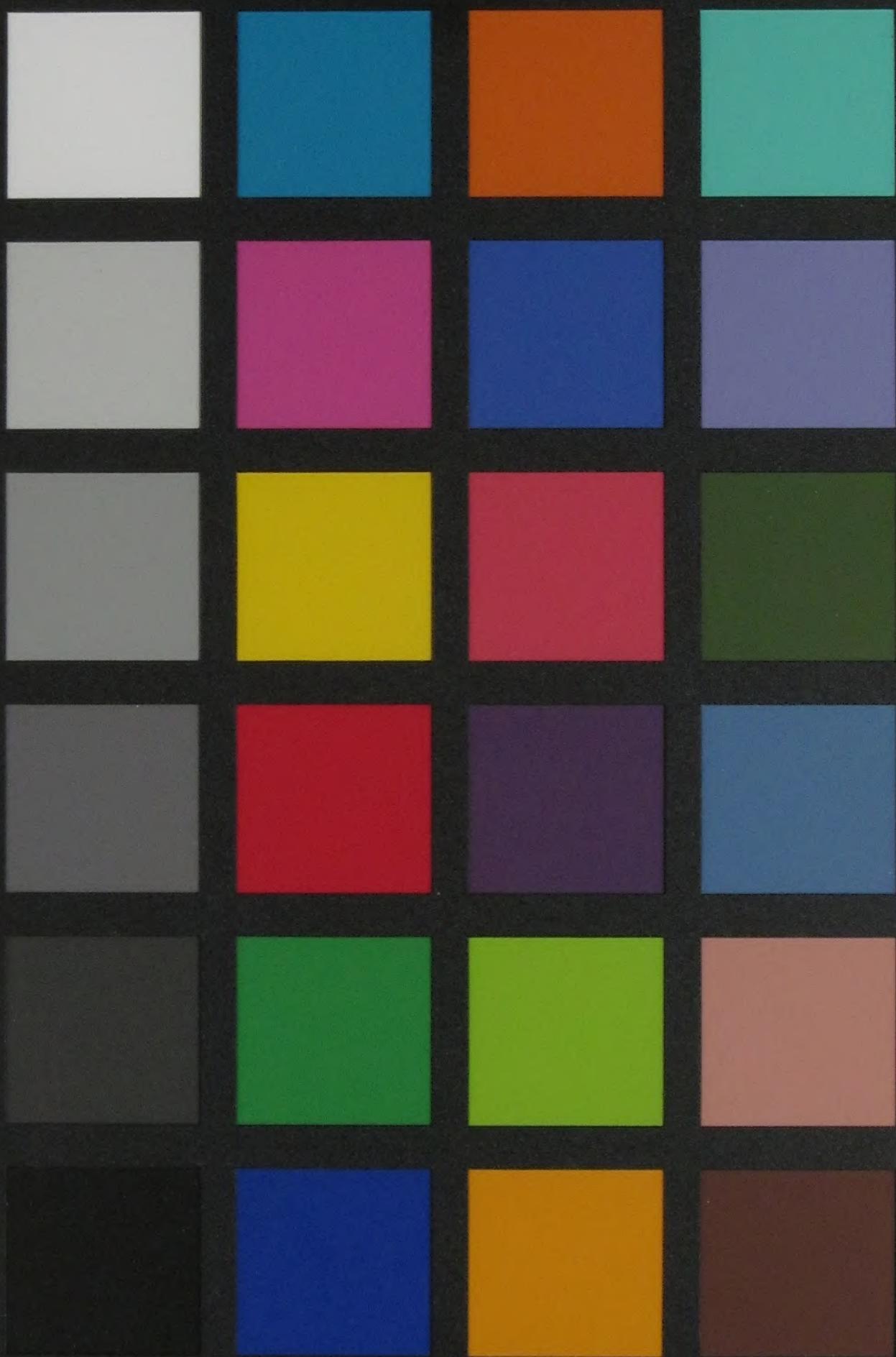
—*Anonymous.*

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